

THE LADY'S MONITOR.

AS. H. H.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.]

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THE HAPPY DELIVERANCE.

A TALE.

IN one of those ages when despotism was the engine of resentment, of passion, of civil fury, and political rage, Alphonso, the son of Ferdinand king of Arragon, lived. This young prince was distinguished not more by the robust valour of the times, than by the gentle and generous qualities of the heart, which are thought to belong more properly to modern manners. The son of a cruel and ruthless tyrant, he was mild, humane, and forbearing; the flattery of courtiers was heard by him with indifference, and to the fawning of sycophants he was ever averse. He led a retired life even in the bustle of a court, and devoted his hours to love and the muses. The object of his passion was the daughter of his father's treasurer Orlando—her name Isabella—a virgin universally admired for her extreme beauty, and the lovely qualities of her mind. She was not insensible to the passion of Alphonso, but whether from dread of Ferdinand, who she was convinced had too much pride to allow his son to marry the daughter of one whom he had raised from obscurity—or whether Orlando had forbid her interviews with the young prince, she avoided meeting with the prince, who could not but venerate her prudence while he lamented the unhappy cause.

Ferdinand about this time sent for his son, and informed him of a match he had prepared for him, and which he had ordered him instantly to accept, forbidding him on pain of his displeasure to offer any argument against it. Alphonso was not more alarmed at this information than astonished at the injunction which accompanied it. "Surely," thought he, "my father suspects my passion for Isabella, else why imagine that I was about to refuse his offer." Ferdinand, however, most absolute in all his commands, immediately gave orders to prepare the solemnities usual on the marriage of the king's son. Alphonso had no alternative—he flew to Isabella—and by stealth got into her apartment, notwithstanding every precaution her father had used to prevent

their meeting. Fatal was that interview; he was discovered entering Isabella's apartment, and betrayed to his father by a domestic. Ferdinand, enraged beyond description, sent for Orlando, and reproaching him for encouraging an illicit connection between his son and Isabella, ordered him instantly to be beheaded; the cruel sentence was no sooner executed than the king sent some trusty servant to seize Isabella and remove her to a secret place of confinement on the borders of his dominions, and commanded her to be treated with every possible severity, and that every precaution should be taken to prevent her escape. The minions of tyrants are frequently sacrifices to their own treachery; when those servants returned to inform him that his orders were obeyed, he put every one of them to death, lest they might betray the secret of Isabella's imprisonment.

Mean time Alphonso, in the height of his despair, a thousand times meditated his own destruction; but fortitude and resignation suggesting to him that he ought to live to redress the wrongs of Isabella, he became inspired with the romantic hope; and that he might no longer be subject to his father's tyranny, suddenly disappeared on the very morning appointed for his detested nuptials, as he now more than ever accounted them. Messengers were sent into every part of the kingdom to seek for him, but in vain. Ferdinand's fury became so great as to end in madness, a disorder rendered still stronger by the recollection of his many cruelties and murders; and in a few days he died, calling upon his son to come and forgive him. The news of his death soon spread over the kingdom; and Alphonso, who had hid himself at no great distance from the city, returned and was proclaimed king; the first of his power was to dismiss those men who had been the agents of his father's tyranny, and redress the grievances of those subjects who had suffered by their oppression. His virtues had long been the theme of popular applause, and the whole kingdom, re-echoed "Long live Alphonso!"

To Alphonso, however, these proofs

of loyalty afforded little relief. The remembrance of Isabella's wrong, nothing could efface. His imagination represented her as in misery and distress, and his dreams were filled with horrible apparitions of her sorrows. Every means he had hitherto used to find out the place of her confinement were in vain. Such precautions were taken by Ferdinand that this might for ever have remained a secret had not accident discovered it.

To divert Alphonso's mind, the griefs of which had a visible effect on his person, his courtiers recommended him to visit his kingdom throughout. Alphonso, indifferent whether to live or die, careless of himself, and dead to pleasure, agreed however, to their proposal. One day when he was riding near the frontiers of his kingdom with only one attendant, he missed his way, and in endeavouring to recover it, had to go through a wood; the evening approached, and he had no hopes of being able to join the body of his guards at the village where he had left them. In this dilemma, he came up to an old tower, the greater part of which was in ruins; the only habitable part was a prison, but apparently in decay. Alighting from his horse, he entered the horrible place, and ordered his attendant to tell the persons in the prison, that he was a benighted traveller, and begged shelter until morning. The keeper received him courteously, and even satisfied his curiosity as to the nature of the place, and, ignorant of the late king's death, informed him that it was a state prison, where criminals that had rendered themselves obnoxious to the king, were confined for life, but that at present there was only one lady in it. At the word lady, Alphonso started, and in the wildest manner begged to know her name and crime. Of that the keeper told him he was perfectly ignorant; the persons who brought her never having informed him, nor returned themselves; but that his orders were, she should be kept in chains, and every possibility of escape provided against. Alphonso could contain no longer. He begged, protested, and assured the keeper that if he would but permit him to see her, the secret should

never be divulged to his prejudice. The keeper hesitated for some time, but at length, prevailed on by the tears and intreaties of the handsome stranger, in whose looks he thought he discovered something noble and generous, he conducted him to the cell, where sat a female chained down to the ground, her lovely countenance settled to a deep melancholy—but gracious heaven! what were her transports and those of Alphonso, when they recognized each other—IT WAS ISABELLA!

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

(Continued from our last.)

ON the score of these transactions, Mr. Walpole has incurred more censure than he merited. Unknown as Chatterton was, his expectations of immediate patronage, only argue his ignorance of the human mind, and the customs of the great. Afterwards Mr. Walpole sincerely regretted that he had not seen this adventurous youth.

Hitherto the reader has contemplated the virtuous though unhappy Chatterton; but he was now brought to entertain a worse guest than poverty. Scepticism, that disease of strong when half-informed minds, undermined the fortitude of his spirit; while envy and malice assailed the strength of his reputation. The simplicity and feeling which, at twelve years of age, accepted & rejoiced in the assurances of religion, was exchanged for sentiments like these: In the conclusion of a letter to Mr. Catcott, he says "heaven send you the comforts of christianity; I request them not, for I am no christian." A more effectual check cannot be given to such principles, than the fate of Chatterton presents. As for the vices with which he was at this time charged, they are refuted by the united testimonies of Mr. Lambert, Mrs. Newton, and other respectable characters. "The opportunities," says Mr. Thistlethwaite, "which a long acquaintance with Chatterton afforded me, justify me in saying, that whilst he lived at Bristol, he was not the debauched character he has been represented. Temperate in living, moderate in his pleasures, and regular in his exercises, he was undeserving of the aspersion. I admit that among his papers may be found many passages, not only immoral, but bordering upon a libertinism gross and

unpardonable. It is not my intention to attempt a vindication of those passages, which, from the regard I bear his memory, I wish he had never written, but which I nevertheless believe to have originated rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of singularity, than from any natural depravity, or from a heart vitiated by evil example."

The circumstance which hastened his departure from Bristol, must not be overlooked. Chatterton, it appears, had long reflected on the act of suicide; and a paper found on his desk, by Mr. Lambert's mother, entitled, the "Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton," in which he seriously indicated his design of committing suicide on the following day, namely, Easter Sunday, April 15th, 1770, convinced his master that he was no longer proper to be considered as one of his family, he accordingly dismissed him immediately from his service, in which he had continued two years, nine months, and thirteen days.

With several promises of support from different booksellers, in the latter end of April, 1770, he bade his native city a final adieu! and took up his first habitation in London, at Mr. Walmsley's, a plasterer in Shoreditch. In a letter, dated the 14th of the same month, he speaks with exultation of his prospects, adding, "if Rowley had been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I might have lived by copying his works." Indeed his engagements, at that period, appear to have been numerous; but the too common uncertainty of such avocations, added to the generosity which he exercised in presents to his mother and sister, soon overcast the dawn of his prosperity.

Party writings seems to have been his delight; and some essays of a popular nature, introduced him to Beckford, then Lord Mayor, and Mr. Wilkes the author of the North-Briton. But whatever benefits might have resulted from these connections, they were lost with the death of Beckford, which happened on the 21st of June, 1770. On this sandy foundation of party writing, Chatterton erected a visionary fabric of future greatness; plunged, to support that consequence, into expences he could not sustain, and found, too late, the weakness of those on whom he depended.

Again he had recourse to the booksellers. In the month of June, 1770, though he had pieces in the Gospel Magazine, the court and city, the London, the Political Register, &c. and though almost the whole town and country for the following month was his, so scanty is the

remuneration for those periodical labours, that even these uncommon exertions of industry and genius were insufficient to ward off the approach of poverty; and from the highest elevation of hope and illusion, he sunk at once to the depths of despair.

Early in July, he removed his lodgings from Shoreditch to Mrs. Angel's, sacquemaker in Brook-street, Holborn, probably lest his friends in Shoreditch, who had observed his dream of greatness, should witness his approaching indigence. Pride was the ruling passion of Chatterton, and a too acute sense of shame is ever found to accompany literary pride. And, lowered, indeed, were his expectations; since we find him reduced to the miserable hope of securing the very ineligible appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa.

"On the score of incapacity, he was refused the necessary recommendation, and his last hope was blasted. Of Mrs. Angel, with whom he last resided, no enquiries have afforded any satisfactory intelligence; but there can be little doubt that his death was preceded by extreme indigence. Mr. Cross, an apothecary in Brook-street, informed Mr. Warton, that while Chatterton lived in the neighbourhood, he frequently called at the shop, and was repeatedly pressed by Mr. Cross to dine and sup with him in vain. One evening, however, human frailty so far prevailed over his dignity, as to tempt him to partake of the regale of a barrel of oysters, when he was observed to eat most voraciously. Mrs. Wolfe, a barber's wife, within a few doors of the house where Mrs. Angel lived, says, "that Mrs. Angel told her, after his death, that on the 24th of August, as she knew he had not eaten any thing for two or three days, she begged he would take some dinner with her; but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint that he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry." In these desperate circumstances, his mind reverted to what (we learn from Mr. Thistlethwaite and others) he had accustomed himself to regard as a last resource. "Over his death, for the sake of the world," says the author of Love and Madness, "I would willingly draw a veil. But this must not be. They who are in a condition to patronise merit, and they who feel a consciousness of merit that is not patronised, may form their own resolutions from the catastrophe of his tale; those, to lose no opportunity of befriending genius; these, to seize every opportunity of befriending themselves, and, upon no account, to harbour the most distant idea of quitting the world, how-

a quite different nature. In such, however, as are properly pastorals, there are many and great beauties. He is distinguished for the simplicity of his sentiments; for the great sweetness and harmony of his numbers, and for the richness of his scenery and description. He is the original of which Virgil is the imitator. For most of Virgil's highest beauties in his eclogues are copied from Theocritus; in many places he has done nothing more than translate him. He must be allowed, however, to have imitated him with great judgment, and, in some respects, to have improved upon him. For Theocritus, it cannot be denied, descends sometimes into ideas that are gross and mean, and makes his shepherds abusive and immodest; whereas Virgil is free from offensive rusticity, and at the same time preserves the character of pastoral simplicity. The same distinction obtains between Theocritus and Virgil as between many other of the Greek and Roman writers. The Greek led the way, followed nature more closely, and shewed more original genius. The Roman discovered more of the polish and correctness of art. We have a few remains of other two Greek poets in the pastoral stile, which have very considerable merit, and if they want the simplicity of Theocritus, excel him in tenderness and delicacy."

THE BEAUTIES

OF THE LATE

MARY WOLSTONCRAFT GODWIN,

Author of "A Vindication of the Rights of Women." Carefully selected from her various publications, for the entertainment and instruction of the rising generation.

[From "A Vindication of the Rights of Women."]

THE EXCELLENT WOMAN.

LET fancy now present a woman with a tolerable understanding, for I do not wish to leave the line of mediocrity, whose constitution, strengthened by exercise, has allowed her body to acquire its full vigour; her mind, at the same time, gradually expanding itself to comprehend the moral duties of life, and in what human virtue and dignity consist.

Formed thus by the discharge of the relative duties of her station, she marries from affection, without losing sight of prudence, and looking beyond matrimonial felicity, she secures her husband's respect before it is necessary to exert mean arts to please him and feed a dying flame, which

nature doomed to expire when the object became familiar, when friendship and forbearance take place of a more ardent affection. This is the natural death of love, and domestic peace is not destroyed by struggles to prevent extinction. I also suppose the husband to be virtuous; or she is still more in want of independent principles.

Fate, however, breaks this tie. She is left a widow, perhaps, without a sufficient provision; but she is not desolate! The pang of nature is felt; but after time has softened sorrow into melancholy resignation, her heart turns to her children with redoubled fondness, and anxious to provide for them, affection gives a sacred heroic cast to her maternal duties. She thinks that not only the eye sees her virtuous efforts from whom all her comfort now must flow, and whose approbation is life; but her imagination, a little abstracted and exalted by grief, dwells on the fond hope that the eyes which her trembling hand closed, may still see how she subdues every wayward passion to fulfil the double duty of being the father as well as the mother of her children. Raised to heroism by misfortune, she represses the first faint dawning of a natural inclination, before it ripens into love, and in the bloom of life forgets her sex—forgot the pleasure of an awakening passion, which might again have been inspired and returned. She no longer thinks of pleasing, and conscious dignity prevents her from priding herself on account of the praise which her conduct demands. Her children have her love, and her brightest hopes are beyond the grave, where her imagination often strays.

I think I see her surrounded by her children, reaping the reward of her care. The intelligent eye meets her's, whilst health and innocence smile on their chubby cheeks, and as they grow up, the cares of life are lessened by their grateful attention. She lives to see the virtues which she endeavoured to plant on principles, fixed into habits, to see her children attain a strength of character sufficient to enable them to endure adversity without forgetting their mothers' example.

The task of life thus fulfilled, she calmly waits for the sleep of death, and rising from the grave, may say—behold, thou gavest me a talent—and here are five talents!

LOVE.

Love, such as the glowing pen of genius has traced, exists not on earth, or only resides in those exalted, fervid imaginations that have sketched such dangerous pictures. Dangerous, because they not

only afford a plausible excuse to the voluptuary, who disguises sheer sensuality under a sentimental veil; but as they spread affectation, and take from the dignity of virtue. Virtue, as the very word imports, should have an appearance of seriousness, if not of austerity; and to endeavour to trick her out in the garb of pleasure, because the epithet has been used as another name for beauty, is to exalt her on a quicksand; a most insidious attempt to hasten her fall by apparent respect. Virtue and pleasure are not, in fact, so nearly allied in this life, as some eloquent writers have laboured to prove. Pleasure prepares the fading wreath, and mixes the intoxicating cup; but the fruit which virtue gives is the recompence of toil: and, gradually seen as it ripens, only affords calm satisfaction; nay, appearing to be the result of the natural tendency of things, it is scarcely observed. Bread, the common food of life, seldom thought of as a blessing, supports the constitution and preserves health; still feasts delight the heart of man, though disease and even death lurk in the cup or dainty that elevates the spirits or tickles the palate. The lively heated imagination likewise, to apply the comparison, draws the picture of love, as it draws every other picture, with those glowing colours, which the daring hand will steal from the rainbow that is directed by a mind, condemned in a world like this, to prove its noble origin by panting after unattainable perfection; ever pursuing what it acknowledges to be a fleeting dream. An imagination of this vigorous cast can give existence to substantial forms, and stability to the shadowy reveries which the mind naturally falls into when realities are found vapid. It can then depict love with celestial charms, and dote on the grand ideal object—it can imagine a degree of mutual affection that shall refine the soul, and not expire when it has served as a "scale to heavenly;" and, like devotion, make it absorb every meaner affection and desire. In each others arms, as in a temple, with its summit lost in the clouds, the world is to be shut out, and every thought and wish, that do not nurture pure affection and permanent virtue. Permanent virtue! alas! Rousseau, respectable visionary! thy paradise would soon be violated by the entrance of some unexpected guest. Like Milton's it would only contain angels, or men sunk below the dignity of rational creatures. Happiness is not material, it cannot be seen or felt! Yet the eager pursuit of the good which every one shapes to his own fancy, proclaims man the lord of this lower world, and to be an intelligen-

tial creature, who is not to receive, but acquire happiness. They, therefore, who complain of the delusions of passion, do not recollect that they are exclaiming against a strong proof of the immortality of the soul.

EXAMINATION.

We should rather endeavour to view ourselves as we suppose that being views us who seeth each thought ripen into action, and whose judgment never swerves from the eternal rule of right. Righteous are all his judgments—just as merciful!

The humble mind that seeketh to find favour in his sight, and calmly examines its conduct when only his presence is felt, will seldom form a very erroneous opinion of its own virtues. During the still hour of self-collection the angry brow of offended justice will be fearfully deprecated, or the tie which draws man to the Deity will be recognized in the pure sentiment of reverential adoration, that swells the heart without exciting any tumultuous emotions. In these solemn moments man discovers the germ of those vices, which, like the Java tree, shed a pestiferous vapour around—death is in the shade! and he perceives them without abhorrence, because he feels himself drawn by some cord of love to all his fellow-creatures, for whose follies he is anxious to find every extenuation in their nature—in himself. If I, he may thus argue, who exercise my own mind, and have been refined by tribulation, find the serpent's egg in some fold of my heart, and crush it with difficulty, shall not I pity those who are stamped with less vigour, or who have heedlessly nurtured the insidious reptile till it poisoned the vital stream it sucked? Can I, conscious of my secret sins, throw off my fellow-creatures, and calmly see them drop into the chasm of perdition, that yawns to receive them.—No! no! The agonized heart will cry with suffocating impatience—I too am a man! and have vices, hid perhaps, from human eye, that bend me to the dust before God, and loudly tell me, when all is mute, that we are formed of the same earth, and breathe the same element. Humanity thus rises naturally out of humility, and twists the cords of love that in various convolutions entangle the heart.

This sympathy extends still further, till a man well pleased observes force in arguments that do not carry conviction to his own bosom, and he gladly places in the fairest light, to himself, the shews of reason that have led others astray, rejoiced to find some reason in all the errors of man; though before convinced that he

who rules the day makes his sun to shine on all. Yet, shaking hands thus as it were with corruption, one foot on earth, the other, with bold stride, mounts to heaven, and claims kindred with superior natures. Virtues, unobserved by man, drop their balmy fragrance at this cool hour, and the thirsty land, refreshed by the pure streams of comfort that suddenly gush out, is crowned with smiling verdure; this is the living green on which that eye may look with complacency that is too pure to behold iniquity!

But my spirits flag; and I must silently indulge the reverie these reflections lead to, unable to describe the sentiment that have calmed my soul, when watching the rising sun, a soft shower drizzling through the leaves of neighbouring trees, seemed to fall on my languid, yet tranquil spirits, to cool the heart that had been heated by the passions which reason laboured to tame.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

Cold would be the heart of a husband, where he not rendered unnatural by early debauchery, who did not feel more delight at seeing his child suckled by its mother, than the most artful wanton tricks could ever raise; yet this natural way of cementing the matrimonial tie, and twisting esteem with fonder recollections, wealth leads women to spurn. To preserve their beauty, and wear the flowery crown of the day, which gives them a kind of right to reign for a short time over the sex, they neglect to stamp impressions on their husband's hearts, that would be remembered with more tenderness when the snow on the head began to chill the bosom, than even their virgin charms. The maternal solicitude of a reasonable affectionate woman is very interesting, and the chastened dignity with which a mother returns the caresses that she and her children receive from a father who has been fulfilling the serious duties of his station, is not only a respectable, but a beautiful sight; so singular indeed are my feelings, and I have endeavoured not to catch factitious ones, that after having been fatigued with the sight of insipid grandeur and the slavish ceremonies that with cumbrous pomp supplied the place of domestic affections, I have turned to some other scene to relieve my eye, by resting it on the refreshing green every where scattered by nature. I have then viewed with pleasure a woman nursing her children, and discharging the duties of her station with, perhaps, merely a servant maid to take off her hands the

servile part of the household business. I have seen her prepare herself and children, with only the luxury of cleanliness, to receive her husband, who, returning weary home in the evening, found smiling babes and a clean hearth. My heart has loitered in the midst of the group, and has even throbbed with sympathetic emotion when the scraping of the well-known foot has raised a pleasing tumult.

RELIGION.

Religion, pure source of comfort in this vale of tears! how has thy clear stream been muddied by the dabblers who have presumptuously endeavoured to confine in one narrow channel the living waters that flow towards God—the sublime ocean of existence! What would life be without that peace which the love of God, when built on humanity, alone can impart? Every earthly affection turns back, at intervals, to prey upon the heart that feeds it; and the purest effusions of benevolence, often rudely damped by man, must mount as a free-will offering to him who gave them birth, whose bright image they faintly reflect.

THE COTTAGE: A FRAGMENT.

Sweet pliability of affections, that takes the barb from the dart of misfortune, and shapes the mind to its allotment! I have been the master of a palace, said Horatio, and now my only habitation is this cottage: troops of slaves in livery then obeyed my nod, now my sheep alone are obedient to me. The splendid board is exchanged for the fruits that the earth yields to my own labour, and the rarest juice of the vintage is succeeded by the simple beverage of the fountain.

But, am I less happy in this nook, where my ill fortune has placed me, than when I passed my laughing youth in the gaudy bowers of prosperity? If I am not soothed by flattery, I am not wounded by ingratitude; if I feel not the conscious pride of superior life, I am not the object of calumniating envy; and I am now too far removed into the shade for scorn to point the finger at me. Fears I have none, and hopes....there is my consolation, there is the source of my joys, and the cure of my sorrows. They no longer rest on vain, idle, fallacious objects; on private friends, or public justice; they have now a more durable foundation; they rest on heaven!

ever it may be unworthy of them, lest despondency should at last deceive them into so unpardonable a step. Chatterton, as appears by the Coroner's Inquest, swallowed arsenic in water, on the 24th of August, 1770, and died in consequence thereof the next day. He was buried in a shell, in the burying ground of Shoe-lane workhouse." Whatever unfinished pieces he might have, he cautiously destroyed them before his death; and his room, when broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper. What must increase our regret for this hasty and unhappy step, is the information that the late Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, in Oxford, went to Bristol, in the latter end of August, 1770, in order to search into the history of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patronise the latter, if he appeared to deserve assistance—when, alas! all the intelligence he could procure was, that Chatterton had, within a few days, destroyed himself.

(To be continued.)

Travels.

"Here you may range the world from pole to pole,
Increase your knowledge, and delight your soul;
Travel all nations, and inform your sense,
With ease and safety at a small expense."

ACCOUNT OF COPENHAGEN.

BY WRAXALL.

I FIND hardly any inconveniency resulting from my ignorance of the Danish language. Every person of fashion speaks French, and many of them English. The gentlemen of the army and navy here, in particular, are almost universally used to these languages. They are, at least several of them with whom I have fallen into company, extremely disposed to treat a stranger with every mark of urbanity and politeness. One of them has already promised to accompany me over the island of Zealand, and to be my conductor on a tour I propose making to see the royal palaces.

Though the month of May will begin in a few days, the weather is still very cold here. We have had hail almost every day since my arrival; nor are there as yet any marks of that sweet season, which the Italians so justly denominate, the *Gioventu del anno*, but which is pretty much unknown to Danish poets. Indeed, I apprehend the year is more properly divided here into the summer and winter, than as with us into four seasons. A short summer succeeds to the long series of cold and darkness, which environs them from October till April; and during this period,

they often experience very great heats for a few days, or sometimes weeks. Certainly man is much affected by physical causes, and one is not surprised to find the elegant arts chiefly confined to luxurious and southern climates, and faintly raising their heads amid these snowy and inhospitable regions, where the inhabitants seem, in some degree, to partake of the asperities of their soil, and where royal munificence, however unbounded, can only raise a few sickly and straggling plants.

They seem to have a great turn for politics here, and as it may not be quite so safe to inspect too deeply into the conduct of their own sovereign and statesmen, they make themselves some amends by interesting themselves in those of the English nation.

So few persons visit this metropolis or kingdom from motives of curiosity, that they are quite surprised when I assure them I have no sort of business here, and am only employed in the search of knowledge. Indeed, I apprehend, a month or five weeks is fully adequate to the completion of these purposes; and I shall not delay my departure an hour after that time.

There is no face of industry or business here; and Copenhagen, though one of the finest ports in the world, can boast of little commerce. The public places are filled with officers either in the land or sea service, and they appear to constitute three-fourths of the audience at the comedy and opera. The number of forces are, indeed, much too large for this little kingdom, which has not been engaged in war these fifty years. They can boast, 'tis true, a vast extent of dominion; but of what importance are the barren and almost uninhabited mountains of Norway and Lapland, stretching to the pole? or the plains of Iceland, where the inhabitants are yet, and will probably ever remain, in the most profound barbarism? Their German dominions in Holstein are by far the most rich, and furnish a large part of the royal revenue. There needs, indeed, no stronger proof of the poverty of the kingdom, than the scarcity of specie. I have seen no gold, and hardly any silver. They pay every thing in paper; and if you lose a single dollar at the card table, or the billiard table, it is given in a bill. I received two hundred rix dollars yesterday morning, and not a single one in money.

The police of Copenhagen is exceedingly good, and one may walk through the whole city at midnight with the most perfect safety. No robberies, no assassinations are heard of. They wear no cloaks

nor conceal any stilettoes under their habits, as in the southern kingdoms of Europe. Indeed, it is usually almost as quiet here at eleven o'clock at night as in a country village, and scarce a coach rattles through the streets.

I do not apprehend this capital can be above the fourth part of the size of London, possibly not so much. It is fortified towards the land by a fossé, always full of water. The streets are commonly of a good breadth, and the houses very neat and handsome. There is one very beautiful place here, which approaches nearer to a circus than a square; each side or division of which is only one palace, and in the centre is an equestrian statue, in bronze, of the late king Frederick V. I must own I was much more pleased with this, than with the Place de Victories at Paris, and think it has a much better effect.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XVII.

THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL.

"I sung flocks——"

VIRGIL'S EPITAPH BY HIMSELF.

THE *Æneid* of this celebrated Roman poet has been already considered, and several of its beauties pointed out for the instruction and entertainment of the reader. We proceed to the survey of his *Eclogues*, commonly stiled *Pastorals*, and a cursory review of them will at once excite and gratify the attention.

The *pastoral* is a species of composition which took its rise in the earliest ages of the world. The chief riches of our forefathers consisted in flocks and herds; hence a recital of their sentiments, and an imitation of their language, afforded materials for poetical composition. When society advanced in civilization, and luxury with its baneful attendants, was introduced, then a contrast of artificial manners, with the simplicity of rural life, became a favourite topic of declamation. In this case the pastoral embraced a wide circle of objects, and, when well executed, must have imparted no small degree of instruction and entertainment. *Theocritus*, a Grecian, first cultivated this kind of poetry, and *Virgil*, in his *eclogues*, professedly imitated him. The pastorals of the former are evidently dictated by the utmost simplicity, whilst those of the latter are marked by all the polished elegance and courteous urbanity of the Augustan age.

In number the pastorals of Virgil are TEN, the subjects of which possess a

considerable degree of variety. We shall enumerate them, since many particulars relative to the author are immediately connected with them. His first performance in this line is supposed to have been written U. C. 739, the year before the death of Julius Cæsar, when the poet was in the 25th year of his age; it is entitled *Alexis*. Possibly *Palemon* was his second, it is a close imitation of the fourth and fifth Idylls of Theocritus. Mr. Warton places *Silenus* next, which is said to have been publicly recited on the stage by Cytheris, a celebrated comedian. Virgil's fifth eclogue is composed in allusion to the death and deification of Julius Cæsar. The battle of Philippi, in 712, having put an end to Roman liberty, Augustus distributed the lands of Mantua and Cremona among his soldiers. Virgil was involved in this common calamity, & applied to Varus & Pollio, who, warmly recommending him to Augustus, procured for him his patrimony again. Full of gratitude to Augustus, he composed the *Tityrus*, which consists of an easy and natural dialogue between two shepherds. To mention the occasions on which the rest were composed will be unnecessary, except that of *Pollio*, which is much celebrated for its supposed reference to the Messiah. The circumstances were these: The Consul Pollio, on the part of Antony, and Mæcenas on the part of Cæsar, had settled the differences between them, by agreeing that Octavia, half sister to Cæsar, should be given in marriage to Antony. This agreement caused universal joy, and Virgil, by this eclogue, shews that he warmly participated in the general satisfaction. Octavia was with child by her late husband, Marcellus, at the time of this marriage, and whereas the Sybilline oracles had foretold that a child was to be born, about this time, who should rule the world, and establish peace, the poet ingeniously supposes the child, with which Octavia was pregnant, to be this glorious infant, under whose reign mankind was to be happy, the golden age to return from heaven, and fraud and violence were to be no more! The delineation of this felicitous state of the human race is conducted with inimitable beauty and delicacy. The powers of the poet are drawn forth into full exercise. Every thing that can impart satisfaction to the human heart is here specified, and decorated with that rich colouring of fancy which delights the imagination and interests the soul. It is impossible to read the *Pollio* without the ardent glow of admiration.

These several pastorals of Virgil, are highly rural and interesting. Neither too low, nor too high, he preserves that dig-

nified simplicity of manners which conciliates attention. He keeps to the characters and humours of the shepherds of those ages with such propriety and ease of expression, that we are induced to think that he had lived among those happy people, and been long acquainted with the care of their flocks, their amours, and their harmless differences.

Thus what an assemblage of rural images are collected together in the following passage, taken from his first eclogue!

Happy old man! here mid th' accustom'd streams,
And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching beams;
While from yon willow fence, thy pasture's bound,
The bees that suck their flow'ry stores around,
Shall sweetly mingle with the whispering boughs
Their lulling murmurs, and invite repose:
While from steep rocks the pruner's song is heard,
Nor the soft cooing dove, thy favourite bird,
Meanwhile shall cease to breathe her melting strain,
Nor turtles from the aerial elms to plain.

WARTON.

The original is still more expressive, but its beauty cannot be infused into any translation.

In his *ninth* eclogue we meet with the following picturesque object, an antique rustic sepulchre in the midst of an engaging landscape:

..... To our mid journey are we come,
I see the top of old Bianor's tomb;
Here, Mæris, where the swains thick branches prune,
And strew their leaves, our voices let us tune,

WARTON.

A despairing lover, the most pitiable object in nature, is thus described in the second eclogue:

Mid shades of thickest beech he pin'd alone,
To the wild woods and mountains made his moan,
Still day by day in incoherent strains,
'Twas all he could despairing tell his pains.

WARTON.

The origin of love is also depicted with an unusual simplicity and vivacity:

Once with your mother to our field you came
For dewy apples; thence I date my flame;
The choicest fruit I pointed to your view,
Tho' young, my raptur'd soul was fix'd on you;
The boughs I just could reach with little arms,
But then, even then, could feel thy powerful charms.
O! how I gaz'd in pleasing transport lost!
How glow'd my heart, in sweet delusion lost!

WARTON.

We must indulge ourselves in another quotation, it shall be taken from the *Pollio*; its introductory lines thus explain the design and tendency of that celebrated eclogue:—

Sicilian muse, begin a loftier strain!
Tho' lonely shrubs and trees that shade the plain
Delight not all; Sicilian muse, prepare,
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes
Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again, and mighty years begun
From their first orb in radiest circles run,
The base degenerate iron offspring ends,
A golden progeny from heaven descends:
O chaste Lucina, speed the mother's pains,
And haste the glorious birth; thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall *Pollio's* consulship and triumph grace;
Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.

DRYDEN.

From these specimens it will be seen that the pastorals of Virgil are deserving of much praise. Throughout the whole of them there runs an enchanting simplicity, and his images are copied from nature. "In his *Eclogues* are not to be found those common place similes to which ordinary poets always resort, and with which their writings have abounded. In every pastoral, a scene or rural prospect should be distinctly drawn and set before us. It is not enough that we have those unmeaning groups of violets and roses, of birds and brooks, and breezes, which our common pastoral mongers throw together, and which are perpetually recurring upon us without variation. A good poet ought to give us such a landscape as a painter could copy after; his objects must be particularized; the stream, the rock, or the tree, must each of them stand forth so as to make a figure in the imagination, and to give us a pleasing conception of reality."

It has been already remarked, that Theocritus first cultivated pastoral poetry, and to him Virgil is greatly indebted. Dr. Blair, therefore, has ingeniously contrasted them together, and with the comparison, which must please every reader of taste, we conclude our present essay:—

"The two great fathers of pastoral poetry are Theocritus and Virgil. Theocritus was a Sicilian, and as he has laid the scene of his own eclogues in his own country, Sicily became ever afterwards a sort of consecrated ground for pastoral poetry. His Idyllia, as he has entitled them, are not all of equal merit, nor indeed are they all pastorals, but some of them poems of

New-York,

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1802.

THEATRICAL.

BLUE BEARD,

The long-expected drama, was at length presented, to a genteel and crowded audience, on Monday evening last. We understand the Manager has been engaged more than three months in preparing the scenery, machinery, &c. for this ill-fated child of COLMAN. From the author of *The Mountaineers*, *Surrender of Calais*, *Inkle and Yarico*, &c. we expected something more than a pompous procession of camels and slaves, calculated to excite a stare from the vulgar, and to tire those who had before seen a theatrical exhibition.

It is impossible the Manager could have ever thought this would prove a living piece; but knowing, full well, the perverted taste of the times and; that *something new must be got up*, though never so trivial; and relying upon the judgment and taste of Mr. CICERI, his scene-painter, he hoped to secure it a *great run for a little while*.

The scenery is equal, if not superior, to any we ever saw, and constitutes the principal amusement. The "illuminated garden," in which is seen a fountain; and the "blue apartment," cannot receive too much praise.

A new politico-literary paper, entitled "VERMONT MERCURY" has been lately established at Portland, by Mr. STEPHEN HODGMAN. The first number of this publication we have received. The Editor is a young man, of the *Washingtonian* "sect." who has embraced the *cause of truth* in an unprofitable hour, and commenced his labours in an uncultivated vineyard. Being aware that the first question which is asked, on the appearance of a new paper, is, *What are the opinions of the Editor?* he answers, "that he is honest, regards truth, respects the constitutions and laws, and loves his country." With such qualities, he is entitled to suc-

cess; and must gain the approbation of the virtuous and the good.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

CONSTANCY.

(Count of Burgundy, Act III.)

PETER, HENRY, &c.

Peter. Now, son, while this opportunity offers, may I enquire the state of your heart?

Hen. Oh, father, my happiness is ineffable!

Peter. Was I not then right in predicting that all your late ideas would perish in oblivion?

Hen. No, Sir, the supposition was wrong My constancy is unshaken—I love Elizabeth more than ever! What youthful fancy promised, Providence has accomplished. Vain were my hopes, but Heaven regarded them! In this dress I seem not what I was; my external form is changed, but I am still the same within—my heart is unalterable!—Though now saluted as the Count of Burgundy, I feel myself the humble Henry still!

Peter. Son—

Hen. May not the sweet sensation of rendering happy be participated, and will not that participation render the happiness double?—Why should not a prince engage in domestic concerns, that, by being the *father of a family* at home, he may learn his duty as a *father of the people*!

Peter. 'Tis just—

Hen. Have you not yourself remarked, that the prince who knows what it is to be a husband and a father, is naturally the most anxious to promote the happiness of his subjects? His heart will not permit him to separate the wife from her beloved—the son from the parent.

* * * * *

Peter. This is all true.—It is not to be supposed that you will remain single.

Hen. Then let an express be sent to Hallwyl without delay.

Peter. To Hallwyl!

Hen. Aye—Elizabeth or none!—I have sworn it!

Peter. But the oath came from the lips of a *Henry*!

Hen. An the *Count of Burgundy* will adhere to it!

Peter. But this is a disgrace to your dignity!

Hen. Disgrace! Oh, say not that!—The prince who acts wrong, is as much degraded by the act as is the beggar—but when he takes virtue to his throne, he is a prince indeed!

CALCULATIONS.

The aggregate population on the surface of the known habitable globe is estimated at 895,300,000 souls. If we reckon with the ancients, that a generation lasts thirty years, then in that space 895,300,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently 81,760 must be dropping into eternity every day, 3,407 every hour, or about 56 every minute.

The inhabitants of the globe are computed to be upwards of eight hundred millions (as above). Of these four hundred and eighty-one millions are supposed to be Pagans. One hundred and forty millions are Mahometans; nine millions are Jews. Only one hundred and seventy millions are called Christians. Of these only fifty millions are protestants; and of these, alas! how few are truly devoted to God?

In London there are about 2,500 persons committed for trial in one year. Annual depredations amount to 2,100,000l. Eighteen prisons, 5,204 ale-houses within the bills of mortality. Amount of coin counterfeited, 200,000l. per annum. About 3000 receivers of stolen goods. About 10,000 servants at all times out of place. Twenty thousand rise every morning, without knowing how they are to subsist through the day. *Oh! happy America, thou art thyself alone!*

.....Interesting news,
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is gone, and who is brought to bed.

COWPER.

MARRIED,

At Lenox, by the Rev. Samuel Shepard, the Rev JEREMIAH ATWATER, President of the College at Middlebury, Vermont, to Miss CLARISSA STORRS, daughter of the Rev. Eleazer Storrs, of Sandisfield.

If gentlest manners, elegance refin'd;
Unspotted virtue, purity of mind,
Can heighten pleasure, or diminish care,
The nuptial rites ne'er join'd a happier pair,
Long may their love substantial joys impart,
And mutual transports fill each ravish'd heart?

DIED,

In this city, on Saturday last, after a lingering illness, Mr. JOHN WARD FENNO, late Editor of the Gazette of the United States.

On Wednesday morning the 10th ult, Mr. WILLIAM PROCTOR, aged 80, many years a respectable merchant of this city.

At Johnsonburgh, New-Jersey, JONATHAN JOHNSON, Esq.

Parnassian Garland.

ODE TO SPRING.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA.

GREEN-ROBED Goddess! fair and young,
From Venus and Apollo sprung;
Blue-eyed, lily-bosom'd fair!
With smiling lips, and flowing hair,
Come, with all thy festive hours,
Drest in coronets of flowers,
Such as thy own April flings
From his dew-impearl'd wings:
Violets, cowslips, and the rose,
That yellow in the meadow grows,
Snow-drops pure, and lilies pale,
That love to linger in the vale:
Come, and from those swimming eyes
Where Cupids lurk, and rapture lies,
Scatter glories o'er the earth,
Such as may awake to birth
Every loitering flower, that dwells
Closed within their icy cells.
Hither turn thy buskin'd feet,
Haste, thy Zephyrus to meet,
And with him delighted rove
Thro' every wood, and every grove;
Bidding every bird awake
That drooping sits in dell or brake.
Spring! for thee, with looks elate,
Thy youths implore, the maidens wait;
And every plant, and every tree,
Sighs, and buds, and droops for thee.
See! the lilac longs to pour,
O'er the green earth, her purple shower;
And waving o'er the fields, behold
The soft liburnum's splendid gold
Swells in vain, and pants to cast
Her blossoms on the sounding blast;
While now the almond, blushing deep,
Wakens from her careless sleep,
And glowing, kindling, waits alone
Thy presence, to proclaim thee known.
Oh! hither haste! for oft I sigh
For April's earth, and April's sky;
I pant to mark thy varied day,
To bless thy smiles, to hail thy sway;
To wander with thee through thy bowers,
Enjoy thy sun, and feel thy showers.

PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

ONE April morn, reclin'd in bed,
Just at the hour when dreams are true;
A fairy form approach'd my head,
Smiling beneath her mantle blue.
"Fie, fie," she cried, "why sleep so long,
"When Health, the nymph you dearly
love,
"Now roves the vernal flow'rs among,
"And waits for you in yonder grove?
"Hark! you may hear her cherub voice,
"The voice of Health is sweet and clear;
"Yes, you may hear the birds rejoice
"In symphony, her arbour near."

I rose, and hasten'd to the grove,
With eager steps and anxious mind;
I rose, the clime's truth to prove,
And hop'd the promis'd nymph to find.
My fairy took me by the hand,
And cheerfully we stepp'd along;
She stopp'd but on the new-plough'd land,
To hear the russet woodlark's song.
We reach'd the grove—I look'd around,
My fairy was no longer near;
But of her voice I knew the sound,
And thus she whisper'd in mine ear:
"The nymph, fair Health, you came to find,
"Within these precincts loves to dwell;
"Her breath now fills the balmy wind;
"This path will lead you to her cell."
I bended to the primrose low,
And ask'd if Health might there reside:
"She left me," said the flower, "but now,
"For yonder violet's purple pride."
I question'd next the violet's queen,
Where buxom Health was to be found?
She told me that she late was seen
With cowslips toying on the ground.
Then thrice I kiss'd the cowslips pale,
And in their dew-drops bath'd my face;
I told them all my tender tale,
And begg'd their aid coy Health to trace.
"From us," exclaim'd a lowly flower,
"The nymph has many a day been gone,
"But now she rests within the bower,
"Where yonder hawthorn blooms alone."
Quick to that bower I ran, I flew,
And yet no nymph I there could find;
But fresh the breeze of morning blew,
And spring was gay, and Flora kind.
If I return'd sedate and slow,
What if the nymph I could not see?
The blush that pass'd along my brow,
Was proof of her divinity.
And still her votary to prove,
And still her dulcet smiles to share,
I'll tread the fields, I'll haunt the grove,
With untir'd steps and fondest care.
Goddess belov'd! vouchsafe to give
A boon, a precious boon to me!
Within thy influence let me live,
And sometimes, too, thy beauties see.
So shall the muse in nobler verse,
And strength renew'd, exulting sing;
Thy praise, thy charms, thy power, rehearse,
And sweep with bolder hand the string.

NATURE AND PHYSIC.

SAYS Nature to Physic, "What pity that we,
"Who ought to be friends, should so seldom
agree
"Who ought to assist and to succour each
other,
"And in amity live, like a sister and brother.
"But to look for this concord, alas! is in
vain!
"Of physical nostrums I've much to com-
plain;

"Tho' a goddess confess'd—yet like the
weak sex,
"I'm perverse the more if my temper you
vex.
"And you Doctors, whate'er you think pro-
per to say,
"For ever are putting me out of my way.
"With medical legions my humours you
chace,
"Till palid resentment appears in my face.
"Aperients, astringents, narcotics, combine,
"To thwart and oppose me in ev'ry design;
"And such volleys of pills are discharg'd at
my head,
"That my strength is exhausted, my energy
dead.
"But Physic should know I am not to be
taught,
"By severe flagellation to do what I ought;
"That my faults may be mended by gentle
correction,
"To which science and talents must give the
direction.
"Would you wish then, ye doctors, your
practice may prove,
"To conciliate my favour and cherish my
love,
"With genius and candour to take Nature
in hand;
"Conduct by persuasion—not force by com-
mand.
"So shall Physic once more be held in re-
pute,
"And her merit establish'd beyond all dis-
pute,
"When prescriptions are made, which the
Patient must see,
"Are all for his good, and congenial to
me."

SONNET TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the starry throng, whose vivid
rays
Direct th' erratic traveller to his cot;
On thy chaste form, devotion loves to gaze,
In winding wales, or on the pine-crown'd spot.
Thy trembling beams, glancing o'er the main,
Now palely gleaming through the fleecy
clouds,
Now widely-spreading o'er the furzy plain,
Now bringing to the view the ship's white
shrouds,
Awake Reflection's melancholy sigh,
That waits to Friendship's urn the tender
soul;
Extract unbidden from the soften'd eye,
The genuine tear that art can ne'er controul!
Beneath thy pallid beams—the Muse delights
to rove;
Far from the tents of vice, and scenes of
lawless love.

W. S. I.

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